

The Lady's Monitor.

J. L. B. 40

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

VOL. I.]

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[NO. XXVI.]

A SINGULAR TALE.

WE are about to indulge our readers with a very singular, but a very true relation of an affair which happened some years since in one of the French provinces.

A man of fashion paid his addresses to a young lady of beauty, rank, and distinguished merit.

As there was a parity in years, in fortune, and in situation, the lady received her gallant with the accustomed condescension females seldom withhold from those whom they are taught to pronounce upon an equality with themselves.

The parents of the young lady, however, from whatever motive, disapproved of the match. The gentleman pleaded....but in vain: and finding it impossible to overcome the *aged obstinacy* of the parents, he resolved to solicit his charmer's consent to enter into the holy bands of matrimony, without any farther consultation with the parents, who seemed so resolutely to persist in a denial.

Having fully explained himself on this head, the young lady, after recovering from a confusion which, ever on these occasions, is visible amongst the virgin fair, consented to become his wife; they were wedded, and the marriage kept a profound secret.

It happened, after a few years had elapsed, that the husband was obliged to leave his lovely bride, being called into a foreign country in order to adjust some family affairs, which required his immediate presence. The necessity was no less urgent than disagreeable to both parties; however, they permitted their good sense to operate, and after vowing mutual affection and fidelity, parted in certain expectation of seeing each other, at a time when such an alteration should take place as might afford them an opportunity of living in a manner every way becoming an happy and virtuous wedded pair.

For some time they corresponded; but the husband being obliged to cross several tempestuous seas, did not receive such frequent answers to his epistles as he had reason to expect. This he attributed to the difference of climate, rendering a re-

gular correspondence altogether impracticable; and as he imagined his letters had miscarried, he resolved for the present to desist from writing; not relishing the idea of having his sentiments canvassed over by indifferent strangers, or perhaps capricious enemies.

Another reason which induced him to lay aside for the present all thoughts of continuing an epistolary correspondence, was the prospect he had of shortly returning to France, where the presence of his amiable consort would infinitely exceed all ideal interviews, and make ample amends for every pang his heart had undergone.

It is now time that we should return to the lady.

As she possessed a considerable share of youth and beauty, it was not to be supposed she could long remain without a train of admirers. Her parents, who never dreamt about their daughter's previous marriage, became each day more anxious to select a person whose mental and personal endowments might, in their estimation, render him worthy their favourite daughter's hand and heart.

Several years had now rolled on, without the lady's hearing a syllable of her real husband. At last the fatal news arrived that he was now no more.

The lady was inconsolable, but she found it prudent to stifle her griefs, that she might obliterate the smallest degree of suspicion.

When she had paid every tribute consistent with reflection to the memory of her departed lord, a gentleman was proposed by her parents for her approbation, and the good old people were so prejudiced in favour of the person they had introduced, that they gave their daughter to understand their happiness depended on her compliance.

The young lady, who thought herself entirely at liberty to commit a second trespass upon Hymen, after some little hesitation consented. The nuptials were celebrated; the lady, if not happy, was placid, and serenely content; the parents were delighted; the bridegroom was en-

raptured; and all were jocund, all were sprightly.

For four years this newly married couple lived in perfect harmony: but at length an intermitting fever seized the lady; the physicians were baffled, and she, to all appearance, paid the debt due to nature. She was buried with pomp, and every reverence shewn to her memory the custom of the country would admit of.

During her late illness, her former husband, whom we left abroad, had returned; and, after making the necessary enquiries, was informed of every circumstance we have related above.

As he was unwilling to surprise her whilst she combated with sickness, he had employed a trusty person to make him acquainted with each particular of her case; and the instant the news of her death reached his ears, a frantic wildness seized his soul, and he resolved to receive no manner of sustenance, but to bury himself amongst the mould which lay lightly on her breast, and thus pine out the short remaining period of his existence.

Full of this resolution, he repaired, the night she was buried, to her tomb, and, after digging up the earth, discovered her coffin, fetched a deep sigh, and was about to stretch his wearied limbs, when, to his consternation, astonishment, and affright, he perceived signs of life. He tore open the coffin, and found it even as he suspected. His wife was almost suffocated: he snatched her up in his arms, conveyed her to the house of a neighbouring friend, had her put into a warm bed, and in a few weeks she was perfectly restored to life and health.

As she had a real affection for her first husband, she made no scruple of choosing him for her companion; but as the affair soon made a prodigious noise throughout the country, the second husband, who also doated on her to distraction, no sooner was informed of the particulars, than he attempted to force her to live with him; the prior claimant as resolutely persisted in keeping her to himself. In short, a law suit was commenced: the most learned advocates in France were employed: a redundancy of erudition was displayed,

and, after being litigated for a considerable length of time, a solemn decision was given in favour of the gentleman who had first married her.

This story has so much the air of fable and romance, that to leave an impression of its truth on the minds of our readers, we shall inform them, that the French lawyers have selected all the famous trials, with the decisions which have been given in their courts for a series of years.

This work, which is contained in several folio volumes, is entitled, "Les Cause Celebres." The above very extraordinary relation is recited therein, together with all the subtle and ingenious arguments used by the opposite advocates for the different husbands. So that there can be little doubt of the truth of a narrative so extremely well authenticated.

Biography.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE

MR. JOHN PALMER.

(Concluded from our last.)

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.

SHAKESPEARE.

WE must now hasten to the event which in the course of the last summer terminated the eventful career of this excellent Comedian, at Liverpool, whither he had gone merely for the summer season. It was thus detailed with great accuracy and propriety, at some length, in the Liverpool prints. We prefer giving an account of his decease and interment in the words which were evidently dictated by some feeling heart, who at that time took an interest in the melancholy catastrophe:—

"On Saturday, the 29th of July, Mr. Palmer, dined with Messrs. Hurst, Hammerton and Mara, all belonging to the Liverpool Theatre. After dinner, Mr. Hurst complained that of late he had always found himself exceeding drowsy after his meals. Mr. Palmer, in a most friendly and feeling manner said, "My dear Dick (for so he familiarly called Mr. Hurst), for God's sake, endeavour to overcome those alarming symptoms;" and, after a short pause, added, "I fear, my dear friend, that my own afflictions (alluding to the recent loss of his wife and favourite son), will very shortly bring me to my grave." For some days, however, he seemed to bear up against those trying misfortunes with much resolution, and on the Wednesday following performed the part of Young Wilding in the *Lyar*, with a considerable degree of spirit.

"On Thursday morning he appeared rather dejected, and all the efforts of his friends were scarcely capable of rousing him from the state of melancholy in which he seemed to have sunk. In the evening of that day he appeared in the character of the *Stranger*, in the new play of that name, and in the two first acts exerted himself with great effect; in the third, he displayed evident marks of depression, and as he was about to reply to the question of *Baron Steinfort*, relative to his children, he was unusually agitated. He endeavoured to proceed, but his feelings evidently overcame him; the hand of death arrested his progress, and he instantly fell upon his back, heaved a convulsive sigh, and expired immediately, without a groan. The audience supposed for the moment that his fall was nothing more than a studied addition to the part, but on seeing him carried off in deadly stiffness, the utmost astonishment and terror became depicted in every countenance.

"Hammerton, Callan, and Mara, were the persons who conveyed the lifeless corpse from the stage into the scene-room. Medical assistance was immediately procured; his veins were opened, but they yielded not a single drop of blood, and every means of resuscitation was had recourse to without effect. The Gentlemen of the faculty, finding every means ineffectual, formally announced his death. The piercing shrieks of the women, the heavy sighs of the men, which succeeded this melancholy annunciation, exceeded the power of language to describe. The surgical operations upon the body continued about an hour, after which, all hopes of recovery having vanished, he was carried home to his lodgings on a bier, where a regular inventory was immediately taken of his property. Mr. Aikin, the manager, came on the stage to announce the melancholy event to the audience, but was so completely overcome with grief as to be incapable of uttering a sentence, and was at length forced to retire without being able to make himself understood; he was bathed in tears, and, for the moment, sunk under the feelings of his manly nature. Incedon then came forward, and mustered sufficient resolution to communicate the dreadful circumstance. The house was instantly evacuated in mournful silence, and the people forming themselves into parties, contemplated the fatal occurrence in the open square till the next morning.

"Drs. Mitchell and Gorry gave it as their opinion, that he certainly died of a broken heart, in consequence of the family

afflictions which he had lately experienced.

"The performance announced for Friday was postponed, and the house shut up on the occasion till Monday, when he was to be interred at Walton, near Liverpool.

"Mr. Palmer was in the 57th year of his age. Being involved, for some years past, in pecuniary embarrassments, his creditors, not long since, insured his life, at Blackfriars, for 2000*l.* which sum they are of course entitled to by his much lamented death.

"The funeral took place on Monday morning, August 6. The hearse was preceded by mutes on horseback, four mourning coaches (being the whole the town could furnish) and one glass coach; and followed by Messrs. Aikin, Holman, Whitfield, Incedon, Mattocks, and Wild; The chief mourners were Mr. Hurst (as his oldest acquaintance) and a Mr. Stevens, cousin to the deceased. Next came Major Potts, Capt. Snow, (the gentleman who performed near two years since, at Covent-Garden, under the assumed name of Hargrave), Capt. Kennedy; Messrs. Hammerton, Farley, Tompkins, Toms, Emery, Demaria (the painter) Clinch Hollingsworth, and the rest of the company; the whole of whom accompanied the corpse in mournful silence from Liverpool to the neighbouring village of Walton, where the body was interred. There were also, two or three coaches of private parties belonging to the town.

"The procession set out at eight o'clock in the morning, and reached the church about half past nine. Prayers being read over the body, it was committed to a grave, seven feet deep, dug in a rock. The coffin was of oak, covered with black cloth, and on the plate was simply inscribed "MR. JOHN PALMER. aged 53."—He was, however, three or four years older, but there was no person in Liverpool who correctly knew his age.

"A stone is to be placed at the head of the grave with the following lines inscribed, which were the last words he spoke in the character of the *Stranger*:

....."Oh! God! God!

"There is another, and a better world!"

Thus ended the life of a man whose fortune was more than usually chequered by the vicissitudes of mortality. Of this series of adverse incidents we presume not to develop all the causes. The history of players is proverbially variegated. Driven hither and thither by the caprice of public opinion, they appear to have no solid ground on which they might rest the sole of their foot. Their mode of

living also in general bids defiance to order and regularity. Eccentric in their characters they become so very *outré* in their modes of action, that the real complexion of their conduct is with difficulty ascertained. The versatility which is necessary to their profession is insensibly transferred by them to actual life; so that, camelion-like, their temper and deportment vary with the circumstances in which they are placed. Thus their lot is, in many cases, more to be pitied than censured. There are, however, several theatrical characters who may be deemed an exception to the general rule, and who in private life rank high for their respectability. In this list *Garrick, Siddons, Kemble, Bannister, &c.* may be mentioned with truth and propriety.

Mr. Palmer having left behind him eight children, a benefit was given for the four youngest of them at the Opera-house, and we are happy to say, that the receipts of the house amounted to upwards of 700*l.* On this benevolent occasion the *Heir at Law*, and the *Children in the Wood*, were represented, and performed with uncommon animation.

An address, written by Mr. Colman, and alluding to the decease of Palmer, was put into the hands of Mr. Robert Palmer to be recited. But this gentleman was overcome by his feelings, for after uttering a few lines, he was obliged to retire:

....."Forgive this falling tear,
Alas! I feel I am no actor here."

The house was elegantly illuminated, and lent, on the occasion, free of expence, by Mr. Taylor. Mr. Colman's Company volunteered their exertions with a generosity which merits high commendation.

At Liverpool, also, a free benefit was given to the children of the late Mr. J. Palmer; the Theatre was crowded, and the following incomparable address, written by Mr. Roscoe, was delivered by Mr. Holman to the audience:

Ye airy sprites, who, oft as fancy calls,
Sport 'midst the precincts of these haunted walls!
Light forms, that float in mirth's tumultuous throng,
And frolic dance, and revelry, and song,
Fold your gay wings, repress your wonted fire,
And from your fav'rite seats awhile retire!
And thou, whose pow'rs sublimer thoughts impart,
Queen of the springs that move the human heart
With change alternate; at whose magic call
The swelling tides of passion rise or fall;

Thou, too, withdraw; for 'midst thy lov'd abode,
With step more stern a mightier pow'r has trod,

Here, on this spot, to ev'ry eye contest,
Enrob'd with terrors stood the kingly guest;
Here on this spot, DEATH war'd the unerring dart,

And struck...his noblest prize...AN HONOUR HEART!

What wondrous links the human feelings bind;

How strong the secret sympathies of mind!
As fancy's pictur'd forms around us move,
We hope or fear, rejoice, detect, or love:
Nor heaves the sigh for *ILLUSION* woes alone,
CONGENIAL sorrows mingle with our own:
Hence, as the poet's raptur'd eye-balls roll,
The fond delirium seizes all his soul;
And, whilst his pulse concordant measures keeps,

He smiles in transport, or in anguish weeps.
But, ah, lamented shade, not thine to know
The anguish only of *IMAGIN'D* WOE!
Destin'd o'er life's SUBSTANTIAL ills to mourn,
And fond parental ties untimely torn!
Then whilst thy bosom, lab'ring with its grief,
From sabled sorrows sought a short relief,
The FANCIED woes, too true to nature's tone,
Burst the slight barrier, and became thy own:
In mingled tides the swelling passions ran,
Absorb'd the actor, and overwelm'd the man.
Martyr of sympathy, more sadly true
Than ever FANCY feign'd, or POET drew!

Say why, by heav'n's acknowledg'd hand impress,

Such keen sensations actuate all the breast?
Why throbs the heart for joys that long have fled?

Why lingers HOPE around the silent dead?
Why spurns the spirit its incumb'ring clay,
And longs to soar to happier realms away?
Does heav'n, unjust, the fond desire instill,
To add to mortal woes another ill?
Is there, thro' all the intellectual frame,
No kindred mind that prompts the nightly dream;

Or, in lone musings of remembrance sweet,
Inspires the secret wish...once more to meet?
There is; for not by more determin'd laws
The sympathetic steel the magnet draws,
Than the freed spirit acts, with strong controul,

On its responsive sympathies of soul;
And tells, in characters of truth unfeign'd,
"There is another, and a new world!"

Yet, whilst we sorrowing tread this earthly ball,

For human woes a human tear will fall.
Blest be that tear; who gives it doubly bless'd
That heals with balm the orphan's wounded breast!

Not all that breathes in morning's genial dew
Revives the parent plant where once it grew:
Yet may those dews with timely nurture aid
The infant flowers drooping in the shade:
Whilst long experienced worth and manners mild,

A father's merits...still protects his child.

[We close this account with a list which exhibits the names of most of the male performers deceased within these twenty years; it may gratify the curiosity of those of our readers who are partial to the dramatical department of our Miscellany.]

Garrick, Vandermere, Webster, Dunstall, Barry, Holland, Vernon, Wilson, Mossop, Powell, Branton, Parsons, Dwyer, Henderson, Reddish, Dodd, Lee, Sinner, Farren, Baddely, Ross, Weston, Pearson, Wrighton, Howard, Woodward, Booth, Blanchard, Sparks, Foote, Kennedy, Macklin, Sheridan, Edwin, Dyer, Tates, Roder, Clarke, Lowe, Palmer.
Sic transeat gloria Histrionum!

Travels.

"Here you may range the world from pole to pole,
Increase your knowledge, and delight your soul;
Travel all nations, and instruct your sense,
With ease and safety at a small expence."

SPANISH THEATRE.

(From Southey's Travels.)

I AM just returned from the Spanish comedy. The theatre is painted with a muddy light blue, and a dirty yellow, without gilding, or any kind of ornament. The boxes are engaged by the season and subscribers only, with their friends, admitted to them, paying a peseta each. In the pit are the men, each seated in a great armed chair; the lower class stand behind these seats: above are the women, for the sexes are separated, and so strictly, that an officer was broke at Madrid, for intruding into the female places. The centre box, over the entrance of the pit, is appointed for the magistrates, covered in the front with red stuff, and ornamented with the royal arms. The motto is a curious one: "*Silencio en fura*." "Silence, and no smoking." The comedy, of course, was very dull to one who could not understand it. I was told that contained some wit, and more obscenity; but the only comprehensible joke to me, was, "Ah!" said in a loud voice by one man, and "Oh!" replied equally loud by another, to the great amusement of the audience. To this succeeded a Comic Opera: the characters were represented by the most ill looking man and woman I ever saw. Mr. Swedish friend's island of *honey and milk* could not have a firer king and queen. The man's dress was a thread-bare brown coat lined with silk, that had once been white, and dirty corded waistcoat and breeches; his board was

black, and his neckcloth and shoes dirty: but his face! Jack-ketch might sell the reversion of his fee for him, and be in no danger of defrauding the purchaser. A soldier was the other character, in old black velvet breeches; with a pair of garters reaching above the knee, that appeared to have been made out of some blacksmith's old leathern apron. A farce followed, and the hemp-stretch man again made his appearance, having blacked one of his eyes to look blind. M. observed that he looked better with one eye than with two, and we agreed, that the loss of his head would be an addition to his beauty. The prompter stands in the middle of the stage, about half-way above it, before a little tin skreen, not unlike a man in a cheese-toaster. He read the whole play with the actors, in a tone of voice equally loud; and when one of the performers added a little of his own wit, he was so provoked as to abuse him aloud, and shake the book at him. Another prompter made his appearance to the Opera, unshaved, and dirty beyond description: they both used as much action as the actors. The scene that falls between the acts would disgrace a puppet-show at an English fair; on one side is a hill, in size and shape like a sugar-loaf, with a temple on the summit, exactly like a watch-box; on the other Parnassus, with Pegasus striking the top in his flight, and so giving a source to the waters of Helicon; but such is the proportion of the horse to the mountain, that you would imagine him to be only taking a flying leap over a large ant-hill, and think he would destroy the whole æconomy of the state, by kicking it to pieces. Between the hills lay a city; and in the air sits a duck-legged Minerva, surrounded by flabby Cupids. I could see the hair-dressing behind the scenes: a child was suffered to play on the stage, and amuse himself by sitting on the scene, and swinging backward and forward, so as to endanger setting it on fire. Five chandeliers were lighted by only twenty candles. To represent night, they turned up two rough planks, about eight inches broad, before the stage lamps; and the musicians, whenever they retired, blew out their tallow candles. But the most singular thing, is their mode of drawing up the curtain. A man climbs up to the roof, catches hold of a rope, and then jumps down: the weight of his body raising the curtain, and that of the curtain breaking his fall. I did not see one actor with a clean pair of shoes. The women wore in their hair a tortoiseshell comb to part it; the back of which

is concave, and so large as to resemble the front of a small bonnet. This would not have been inelegant, if their hair had been clean and without powder, or even appeared decent with it. I must now to supper. When a man must diet on what is disagreeable, it is some consolation to reflect that it is wholesome; and this is the case with the wine: but the bread here is half gravel, owing to the soft nature of their grind-stones. Instead of tea, a man ought to drink Adams's solvent with his breakfast.

GERMAN THEATRE.

A translation of *Othello* was lately exhibited in the theatre at Stuttgardt, which is somewhat of a ludicrous version of that admirable tragedy. When *Cassio* enters drunk, he makes *Iago* sing two songs, and the other characters join in the chorus. The subject of the first song is, that Englishmen drink more, and of the second, that they fight better, than all the world beside. When *Roderigo* and *Cassio* fight, *Iago* stabs the latter in the seat of honour, which *Cassio* scratches like a Merry Andrew, as he sits upon it, for a long time, calling for help and crying murder. At length a chair, something like those in which Paupers are carried in London, is brought on the stage, and *Cassio* is hoisted off. *Desdemona* is discovered on a German bed, in a bed-gown, and fairly between the sheets. *Othello* stands by her braying like an ass, and smothers her with the green curtain: kisses her, and falls upon the bed, "dead as a salmon in a fishmonger's basket." *Emilia* presently makes her appearance, rouses him, and rates him handsomely for half an hour. *Cassio* is then brought forward in the aforesaid chair, and he explains matters. The Moor then makes a strange bellowing about the "*Snoot Cloat*," (*Snout Clout*), and smites *Iago*, who rubs his arm like a fool at Bartholomew Fair. The Moor roars a little longer about the "*Snoot Cloat*," picks up a dagger, which happens without any reason to be upon the stage, stabs himself heartily, and dies. The house was very full, and though every body laughed, nobody clapped, nor did any body hiss, because, such a practice is contrary to the *etiquette*. The house is smaller than the Hay-market Theatre. There are only three candles over the Duke of WIRTEMBERG's box. A box is kept purposely for strangers, who are always sure of places, for which something more is charged than to the natives. Such is the conception which the Germans have of one of the best works of the great English dramatist.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. XIV.

ON MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

Three POETS in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpass,
The next in majesty, in both the LAST.
The force of nature could no farther go,
To make a THIRD she join'd the other two!

DRYDEN.

HAVING dismissed *Homer* and *Virgil*, the bards of ancient days, in our two former numbers, we descend to modern times, and call the attention of the reader to MILTON, the pride of the British nation! His *Paradise Lost* contains ample materials for meditation. A variety of reflections must arise from so copious a subject.

MILTON in his *Paradise Lost* has chosen a topic of the most novel-kind, on which he has exhausted the energies of a most extraordinary genius. His theme is more than human, and I had almost said, that an ability more than human was requisite to the execution of the task. *The expulsion of our First Parents from Paradise* suggests awful and interesting emotions. The poet, who has taken the most comprehensive view of his subject, traces the fall of the angelic host in all its terrific circumstances, and then delineates the sad event which followed the original transgression. Who but Milton would have dared to seize so vast a subject? Who but he, having seized it, could mark its progress with such a masterly minuteness: Indeed, he alone, possessed powers adequate to the gigantic undertaking. Hence has Dr. Johnson remarked:—"Milton seems to have been well acquainted with his own genius, and to know what it was that nature had bestowed upon him more bountifully than upon others, the power of displaying the vast, illuminating the splendid, enforcing the awful, darkening the gloomy, and aggravating the dreadful. He chose a subject on which too much could not be said, on which he might tire his fancy without the censure of extravagance." Never were remarks more just, nor an encomium more properly bestowed.

When we open *Paradise Lost* we are all at once introduced into the grandest scenes which our imagination can conceive. Lifted up from earth to heaven, we are surrounded by the angelic hosts in a state of rebellion against their Maker! War of every kind is dreadful, but the war of devils against an Omnipotent Being fills the mind with a sacred astonishment. The leaders of such a horrible conflict irresistibly seize the attention, and the faculties of

our souls are absorbed in the supernatural theme. The characteristic qualities of these infernal chieftains are by Milton decisively marked; we perceive that they are perfectly distinct from each other, yet evidently of the same *Satanic* family. Their operations also are nobly conceived and grandly executed. Their debates discover great minds bent on great mischief. As the sun shorn of its beams, so Satan, in particular, retains much of his original splendor.

Being the hero of the poem, and the character in which Milton has displayed most ability, we shall transcribe a few of his descriptions.

The person of Satan is thus delineated:

....." The superior fiend
" Was moving toward the shore; his pond'rous shield
" Etherial temper, massy, large, and round,
" Behind him cast; the broad circumference
" Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb,
" Through optic glass, the Tuscan artist views
" At evening from the top of Fesale*,
" Or in Valdarot, to descry new lands,
" Rivers, or mountains in her spotty globe.
" His spear, to equal which, the tallest pine
" Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
" Of some great admiral, were but a wand
" He walked with to support uneasy steps
" Over the burning marle!"

Satan's exclamation also, upon his entrance into Hell, is equally characteristic:

" Is this the region, this the soil, the clime?
" Said then the lost archangel—this the seat
" That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
" For that celestial light? Be it so—since he
" Who now is sov'reign can dispose and bid
" What shall be right; farthest from him is best
" Whom reason hath equall'd force hath made supreme
" Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
" Where joy forever dwells; Hail, horrors! hail,
" Infernal world! and thou profoundest Hell
" Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
" A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
" The mind is its own place, and in itself
" Can make a Heav'n of Hell—a Hell of Heav'n."

The following expressions, likewise, are finely indicative of his desperate determinations:

" So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear;
" Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost:
" Evil, be thou my good!—by thee, at least,
" Divided empire with Heav'n's king I hold,

* A city in Tuscany. † The valley of Arno, in Italy.

" By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign

" As man ere long, and this new world shall know."

Finally, his address to his fellow-devils "floundering" on the surface of the burning lake after their fall, is peculiarly sublime, and full of terror. This scene was most ably represented by the pencil of *Lawrence*, with an allusion to that particular moment when Satan exclaimed, in horrible accents:

" Awake! arise! or be FOREVER fallen!"

Sublimity is the prominent feature of *Paradise Lost*. The first and second books are almost continued instances of the sublime. The prospect of Hell, and of the fallen host....the appearance and behaviour of Satan....the consultation of the infernal chiefs, and Satan's flight through Chaos, astonish and confound our loftiest conceptions.

"Milton's sublimity, (says an ingenious critic), is of a different kind from that of Homer. Homer's is generally accompanied with fire and impetuosity, Milton's possesses more of a calm and amazing grandeur. Homer warms and hurries us along, Milton fixes us in a state of astonishment and elevation. Homer's sublimity appears most in the description of actions, Milton's in that of wonderful and stupendous objects!"

But let not the reader imagine, that sublimity be the only characteristic of *Paradise Lost*. Beauty also in all her variegated forms is to be found in this poem, particularly towards the close, where the affections and passions of our first parents are portrayed with inimitable tenderness. Their innocence, their weakness in submitting to the tempter, their mutual reproaches after transgression, and their sincere repentance, are delineated with a masterly hand. The assurance which Eve gives to Adam of her affection, is expressed in terms, the beauty of which will be discerned and acknowledged by every feeling heart:

" Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet

" With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun

" When first on this delightful land he spreads
" His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,

" Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth

" After soft show'rs; and sweet the coming on

" Of grateful evening mild; then silent night
" With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,

" And these the gems of heaven her starry strain:

" But neither breath of morn when she ascends
" With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun

" On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower

" Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;

" Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night

" With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon

" Or glittering star-light, without THEE is sweet."

The actual quitting of Eden by our first parents excites a pleasing melancholy, and with these lines, descriptive of that sad event the poem concludes:

" In either hand the hast'ning angel caught
" Our lingering parents, and to th' eastern gate

" Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
" To the subjected plain; then disappeared.

" They looking back, all the eastern side beheld

" Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,

" Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate

" With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:

" Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon,

" The world was all before them where to choose

" Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:

" They hand in hand with wand'ring steps, and slow,

" Through Eden took their solitary way."

It is remarkable that this extraordinary poem, with all this merit, was not at first well received, or rather so egregiously neglected. To various causes this circumstance may be ascribed. The political sentiments of its author, the false taste of the times in which he lived, and the little attention paid to merit of any kind, were certainly part of the causes which operated on the occasion, Milton, however, with a genuine greatness of mind, appears not to have been in the least depressed. "Fancy (says Dr. Johnson), can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progress of his work, and marked his reputation stealing its way in a kind of subterraneous current through fear and silence. I cannot but conceive him calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with steady consciousness, and waiting without impatience, the vicissitudes of opinion, and the impartiality of a future generation."

Many more pages might be taken up in remarks on *Paradise Lost*, but our limits forbid a much greater enlargement*.

* We refer the reader to the exquisite critique of Addison, contained in the *Spectator*,

shall now close this sketch with the opinions of two professed critics, of a modern date, whose reputation is great in the literary world.

"On the whole (says Dr. Hugh Blair), *Paradise Lost* is a poem that abounds with beauties of every kind, and that justly entitles its author to a degree of fame, not inferior to any poet; though it must be also admitted to have many inequalities. It is the lot of almost every high and daring genius not to be uniform and correct. Milton is too frequently theological and metaphysical; sometimes harsh in his language, often too technical in his words, and affectingly ostentatious in his learning. Many of his faults must be attributed to the age in which he lived. He discovers a vigour, a grasp of genius equal to every thing that is great; if at sometimes he falls much below himself, at other times he rises above every poet of the ancient or modern world!"

"The thoughts which are occasionally called forth (remarks Dr. Samuel Johnson) in the progress of *Paradise Lost*, are such as could only be produced by an imagination in the highest degree fervid and active, to which materials were supplied by incessant study and unlimited enquiry. The heat of Milton's mind might be said to sublimate his learning, to throw off into his work the spirit of science unmingled with its grosser parts. He had considered creation in its whole extent, and his descriptions are therefore learned. He had accustomed his imagination to unrestrained indulgence, and his conceptions, therefore, were extensive. He sometimes descends to the elegant, but his element is the great. He can occasionally invest himself with grace, but his natural fort is gigantic loftiness. He can please when pleasure is required, but it is his peculiar power to astonish.

The appearances of nature, and the occurrences of life did not satiate his appetite of greatness. To paint things as they are requires a minute attention, and employs the memory rather than the fancy. Milton's delight was to sport in the wide regions of possibility; reality was a scene too narrow for his mind. He sent his faculties out upon discovery into worlds where only imagination can travel, and delighted to form new modes of existence,

a work almost in every body's hands. This series of criticisms is to be found also prefixed to many of the editions of *Paradise Lost*, particularly to that of Bishop Newton's which is the best, on account of the manner in which it was published, and of the collection of notes which it is accompanied.

and furnish sentiment and action to superior beings....to trace the counsels of *Hell*, or accompany the choirs of *Heaven*!*"

* John Milton was born in Bread-street, London, 1608, died 1674, near Bunhill-row, and was buried at Cripple-gate-church, where, near to the pulpit, may be seen a small neat marble tablet dedicated to his memory.

New-York.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1802.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONITOR.

SIR,

If you think the following "Hints" worthy a place in your Miscellany, they are much at your service. A SUBSCRIBER.

HINTS TO THE LADIES.

It is not my intention to enter into a description of all the vices and "little follies" attendant on a fashionable life; nor would I, even for a moment, unjustly wound the feelings of those sportive nymphs who buzz in the sunshine of meridian splendour.

I have been a partaker of many of the public amusements of our city, and a silent spectator of the declension of morals. I have seen SCANDAL clasp the hands of her sisters, ENVY and MALICE, and form a phalanx against TRUTH, VIRTUE, and JOY. I have seen (and turned aside and wept when I saw it), an assemblage of prudes, coquettes, and aged maidens, a melancholy proof of female degeneracy, and the neglect of primitive manners, habits, and customs. I have seen the most lovely of the fair, clothed in smiles, and resembling angels, prostitute their talents in murdering the reputation, and wounding the sensibility of those still more lovely. I have seen the countenances of those to whom Nature had not been bountiful, besmeared with a nauseous preparation, as disgusting to the eye as loathsome to the heart. I have seen the pert Miss affect the Matron, and smiled when I saw the Matron assume the frivolities of youth. I have seen the giddy and thoughtless MARIA give her hand to the aged but wealthy FLORIO; and, in the after-scene, the same eyes have seen her smiles converted into remorse, and tears of repentance. I have seen the youthful ALONZO lavishing kisses on the shrivelled lips of his grandmother bride, because those lips had said, "Come and spend my fortune." And, to crown the grand catalogue of vices, I have

seen the solemnities of marriage put aside, and the privileges of honest wedlock assumed, in defiance of the scorn of men, and the vengeance of God. Infernal profligacy!

How solemn is marriage! How often should youth pause and reflect before they enter on this new state of being! How industrious should they be in storing their minds with useful knowledge! They should well remember that they are forging chains which are lasting as life; fetters which remorse, disappointment, or sorrow cannot remove. Then let the youth, of both sexes; the gay and grave, retire in silence to their closets. Let them reflect on the great system of creation....on the nature of men and things....on the transient period of their sojourning....on the cares, anxieties, and difficulties they must expect to encounter; and, by so doing, fit themselves to fill the various stations assigned them, with credit to themselves, and honour to their parents; and rise to the summit of happiness in this world, and to eternal glory in that which is to come.

OBSERVER.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

'Tis without judgments as our watches; none Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

February 8. This evening was presented *The Poor Gentleman*; and *The Padlock*.

February 10. A new comedy entitled *Felly as it Flies*, from the successful pen of REYNOLDS, author of *The Dramatist*, *Management*, *Life*, &c. was this evening presented to a numerous and genteel audience. This piece was brought out at Covent-Garden the beginning of this season, was received with great applause, and continues to attract crowded and brilliant audiences. We understand that the New-York Manager was so fortunate as to meet with a gentleman, direct from home, who was in possession of a manuscript copy of it. This copy the Manager obtained at a high price, being ever anxious to please the public, and to gratify their insatiable thirst for something new. The piece was cast as follows:

Sir Herbert Melmoth . . .	Mr. Tyler,
Leonard Melmoth . . .	Fox,
Tom Tick	Hodgkinson,
Peter Post Obit	Jefferson,
Shenkin	Wilson,
Doctor Infallible	Martin,
Cursitor	Hogg,
Malcour	Hallam, junr.
Dame Shenkin	Mrs. Simpson,
Georgiana	Jefferson,
Lady Melmouth	Hodgkinson,

Those who are conversant with the former pieces of Reynolds will observe *nothing new* in this. Though there is a difference in characters and incidents, they are cut after the old patterns, and move in the same channel of dramatic fancy. In every word and action of *Tom Tick*, we are reminded of *Mist and Vapid*; and most of the other characters have a strong resemblance to those in his former pieces. To those, however, who have never witnessed a representation of *The Dramatist, Management, &c.* we must observe, that though we speak in general terms of *Folly as it Flies*, we do not mean to insinuate that it is deficient in incident or sentiment. The dialogue is sprightly, and frequently enlivened by flashes of genuine wit. The play was well received; and every attempt to expose the vices of the times, meets our approbation. The stage's true province is to lash folly and expose vice. May these ends be on every occasion, fully accomplished.

The performers in general exerted themselves....each one "put on his best grin," and the curtain was charmed down by the applause of the whole audience.

[This comedy is now in the press; and, in a day or two, will be laid before the public.]

February 12. *Folly as it Flies*; and *The Merry Gardner*; or, *The Night of Adventures*.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following list exhibits an account of all the books, in the various departments of Literature, which have been published in the year 1801, and which are regarded as adapted to the use of Ladies.

(Continued.)

67. More Wonders! an Heroic Epistle to M. G. Lewis, Esq. M. P. Editor of "Tales of Wonder." Author of "The Monk, Castle Spectre," &c. &c. With a Prescript extraordinary, and an Ode on the Union. By Mauritius Moonshine. A pamphlet.

68. Ancient Ballads, from the Civil Wars of Grenada, and the twelve Peers of France. By Thomas Rodd. 1 vol. 12mo.

69. The Siege of Acre: an epic Poem, in six books. By Mrs. Cowley, 1 vol. 4to.

70. The Pride of Birth; in imitation of the eighth satire of Juvenal, with notes adapted to the characters and manners of the present age. 4to. A pamphlet.

71. The Vale of Trent; a Poem. With a frontispiece. 1 vol. 12mo.

72. Miscellaneous Poems. Dedicated

to the Right Hon. the Earl of Moria. By William Thomas Fitzgerald, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo.

73. The Enchanted Plants. With a new frontispiece, designed by Hamilton and engraved by Schiavonetti. 1 vol. 12mo.

74. Poems on various subjects. By G. Walker, author of the "Vagabond," &c. small 8vo. 1 vol.

75. Remonstrance; with other poems. By Catharine Hood. 1 vol. 12mo.

76. The British Parnassus, at the close of the eighteenth century; a poem, in four cantos. By Alexander Tompson. 1 vol. 8vo.

77. The Banks of Esk; or, a Saunter from Roslin to Smeaton; a poem, descriptive, historical, and moral, with an introductory canto, by way of retaliation upon some English authors, who have wantonly abused the people and country of Scotland. To which is added, Drumond Castle, a poem of the same kind; with an address to impudence. By James Alves. 1 vol. 12mo.

78. Poems. By William Boscawen, Esq. 1 vol. 12mo.

79. Poems. By the Rev. William Lisle Bowles. 2 vols. 12mo. With plates.

80. Ballads in imitation of the ancient. By W. H. Ireland. Small 8vo.

81. A peep at provincial routs; a poem. 4to. A pamphlet.

82. Matilda; or, the Welch Cottage; a poetic tale. By the author of "Theodore, or Gamester's Progress," &c. 1 vol. 12mo.

83. Songs, comic and satirical. Written by George Alexander Stevens. With 24 wood cuts. 1 vol. 12mo.

84. A new and large collection of hymns and psalms, executed from more than forty different authors. The whole being classed and arranged according to their respective subjects. By the Rev. John Deacon. 1 vol. 8vo.

85. The Rural Philosopher; or, French Georgics: a didactic poem. Translated from the original of the Abbe Delille, entitled *L'Homme des Champs*. By John Maunde. 1 vol. small 8vo....This poem has very great merit. The translation, as is always the case, falls much short of the original; but even that is superior to many modern translations, and the poem itself is a master-piece.

86. Specimens of the early English poets; to which is prefixed, an historical sketch of the rise and progress of the English poetry and language. 3 vols. small 8vo....Mr. GEORGE ELLIS, the author of this work, is one of those gentlemen, who wrote the volume of excellent poems, which has gone through several editions,

under the title of "*The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*," and which contains, unquestionably, some of the best poetry which the last fifty years have produced. The present selection of specimens is very curious and valuable, and the historical sketch of the rise and progress of the English poetry and language, discovers great reading and ability. This is a work which no lover of the muses should be without.

87. The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin, a new edition, in 1 vol. 4to. elegantly printed by Bulmer....This celebrated work, which now appears in a style worthy of its contents, is for the most part, the joint production of the right hon. George Canning, M. P. J. Hookham Frere, Esq. M. P. now ambassador in Portugal, George Ellis, Esq. and William Gifford, Esq. author of the *Baviad*, who together, present a constellation of polite learning, wit, and poetic talent, certainly not to be equalled, at this day, in England, if in any other country in the world. The poem, entitled *New Morality*, which closes the work, is regarded as the most perfect performance of the kind since the days of Pope; nor would it be hazarding too much to say, that it yields not to the best production of that great master of the poetic art.

.....Interesting news,
Who danc'd with whom, and who are like to wed,
And who is gone, and who is brought to bed.

COWPER.

MARRIED,

At Albany, on Wednesday evening, the 3d inst. by the Rev. John B. Johnson, Mr. PETER BRINKERHOFF, merchant, of this city, to Miss ELIZA BLEECKER, daughter of the late Rutker Bleecker, Esq. of that place.

DIED,

On Tuesday afternoon, the 9th inst. very much lamented, Mrs. SARAH RITTER, after a few days illness, which she bore with christian fortitude and resignation.

At Baltimore, after a tedious illness, JOHN BROWN, of the society of Friends.

At Philadelphia, on the 6th inst. Mr. GEORGE LEE, late Medical student of the Pennsylvania Hospital.

At Savannah, on the 18th ult. Dr. PARACLETE TEW, formerly of Rhode-Island.

PRINTING,

In all its various branches, executed at this Office, with neatness, accuracy, and dispatch.



Parnassian Garland.

MR. HEARD,

[Early in life I became fond of reading, and soon got through the few musty volumes in my father's, uncle's, aunt's and cousin's possession. I then took to myself an help-mate, and she became grievously afflicted with the same disease. So I purchased what may be called a *tolerable library*, comprehending all the poets from CHAUCER to CHURCHIL, and the more modern poets from CHURCHIL to JOHN DAVIS and LUCAS GEORGE. Together with the works of the most approved historians, voyagers, travellers, novel-tinkers &c. It is my custom, at least two or three times a year, to adjust my library....to collect in those books, (*if they are to be found*) which had been borrowed by my very dear friends, and arrange them according to their rank and size. In doing this I cannot, for my life, help glancing at the smooth-flowing numbers of certain favourite observers of nature. My eyes lit upon *Poems by the Rev. Mr. LOGAN*. I opened the book, and the first piece that presented itself was an *Ode to Women*. As you have embarked in the cause of the Ladies, it may assist you in combating error and correcting unwarrantable procedures. Should you think so, I trust you will give it an early insertion.

A READER.]

ODE TO WOMEN.

YE Virgins! fond to be admir'd,
With mighty rage of conquest fir'd,
And universal sway;
Who leave th' uncover'd bosom high,
And roll a fond, inviting eye,
On all the circle gay!

You miss the fine and secret art
To win the castle of the heart,
For which you all contend;
The coxcomb tribe may crowd your train,
But you will never, never gain
A lover, or a friend.

If this your passion, this your praise,
To shine, to dazzle, and to blaze,
You may be call'd divine:

But not a youth beneath the sky
Will say in secret, with a sigh,
"O were that Maiden mine!"

You marshal, brilliant, from the box,
Fans, feathers, diamonds, castled locks,
Your magazine of arms;
But 'tis the sweet sequester'd walk,
The whispering hour, the tender talk,
That gives your genuine charms.

The nymph-like robe, the natural grace,
The smile, the native of the face,
Refinement without art;
The eye where pure affection beams,
The tear from tenderness that streams,
The accents of the heart;

The trembling frame, the living cheek,
Where, like the morning, blushes break
To crimson o'er the breast;
The look where sentiment is seen,
Fine passions moving o'er the mein,
And all the soul exprest;

Your beauties these: with these you shine,
And reign on high by that divine,
The sovereigns of the world;
Then to your court the nations flow;
The Muse with flowers the path will strew,
Where Venus' car is hurl'd.

From dazzling deluges of snow,
From Summer's noon's meridian glow,
We turn our asking eye,
To Nature's robe of vernal green,
To the blue curtain all serene,
Of an Autumnal sky.

The favourite tree of Beauty's Queen,
Behold the Myrtle's modest green,
The Virgin of the grove!
Soft from the circlet of her star,
The tender turtles draw the car
Of Venus and of Love.

The growing charm invites the eye:
See morning gradual paint the sky
With purple and with gold!
See Spring approach with sweet delay!
See rosebuds open to the ray,
And leaf by leaf unfold!

We love th' alluring line of grace,
That leads the eye a wanton chace,
And lets the fancy rove;
The walk of Beauty ever bends,
And still begins, but never ends,
The labyrinth of love.

At times, to veil, is to reveal,
And to display, is to conceal;
Mysterious are your laws!
The vision's finer than the view;
Her landscape Nature never drew
So fair as Fancy draws.

A beauty, carelessly betray'd,
Enamours more, than if display'd
All Women's charms were given;
And, o'er the bosom's vestal white,
The gauze appears a robe of light,
That veils, yet opens, Heaven.
See Virgin Eve, with graces bland,
Fresh blooming from her Maker's hand,
In orient beauty beam!

Fair on the river-margin laid,
She knew not that her image made
The angel in the stream.

Still ancient Eden blooms your own;
But artless Innocence alone
Secures the heavenly post;
For if, beneath an Angel's mein,
The Serpent's tortuous train is seen,
Our Paradise is lost.

O Nature, Nature, thine the charm?
Thy colours woo, thy features warm,
Thy accents win the heart!
Parisian paint of every kind,
That stains the body or the mind,
Proclaims the Harlot's art.

The midnight Minstrel of the grove,
Who still renews the hymn of love,
And woos the wood to hear;
Knows not the sweetness of his strain,
Nor that, above the tuneful train,
He charms the Lover's ear.

The Zone of Venus, heavenly-fine,
Is Nature's handy-work divine,
And not the web of Art;
And they who wear it never know
To what enchanting charm they owe
The empire of the heart.

TO THE ROSES.

Droop, O ye modest Roses, and no more
Beam forth such shining rays, but rather
shed,

Shed your rich hues, and form the lily's store
Array yourselves forlorn in purest white;
Cast from your forms whate'er may charm
the sight,

And hang your heads upon the dewy bed:
For now, alas! Lavinia's tender care
No longer shields ye from the pelting storm,
Or the bleak northern blast; no hand attends
To prune the faded sprigs and leaves away:
But cankers, now, must gnaw your blossoms
bare,

Parch your fair buds, their symmetry deform,
And, as the sand which on some mountain's
side

(Where rarely the froze winds can gain access)
Hath tarried long, by the warm sun address,
Flies at th' approach of Africus' keen blast,
So shall your slender forms be swept afar;
Nor shall it boot ye, that your fragrance once
Hung on the bosom of the richest Fair
That ever comforted the soul of man,
Save to torment and rack ye with the thought
That ye shall never grace that bosom more.

MISERICUS.

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